

INTERNATIONAL POETRY

MARCH 2021



W. B. Yeats (Ireland), Annie Vivanti (Italy), Fernando Pessoa (Portugal)

LA ROSA MARCHITA

by Don Fernando Calderón

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Modern Spanish Lyrics*, by Various

¿Eres tú, triste rosa,
La que ayer difundía
20 Balsámica ambrosía,
Y tu altiva cabeza levantando
Eras la reina de la selva umbría?
¿Por qué tan pronto, dime,
Hoy triste y desolada
Te encuentras de tus galas despojada?

Ayer viento süave
5 Te halagó cariñoso;
Ayer alegre el ave
Su cántico armonioso
Ejercitaba, sobre ti posando;
Tú, rosa, le inspirabas,
10 Y á cantar sus amores le excitabas.

Tal vez el fatigado peregrino,
Al pasar junto á ti, quiso cortarte:
Tal vez quiso llevarte
Algún amante á su ardoroso seno;
15 Pero al ver tu hermosura,
La compasión sintieron,
Y su atrevida mano detuvieron.

Hoy nadie te respeta:
El furioso aquilón te ha deshojado.
20 Ya nada te ha quedado
¡Oh reina de las flores!
De tu brillo y tus colores.

La fiel imagen eres
De mi triste fortuna:
25 ¡Ay! todos mis placeres,
Todas mis esperanzas una á una
Arrancándome ha ido
Un destino funesto, cual tus hojas
Arrancó el huracán embravecido!

¿Y qué, ya triste y sola,
No habrá quien te dirija una mirada?
5 ¿Estarás condenada

Á eterna soledad y amargo lloro?
No, que existe un mortal sobre la tierra,
Un joven infeliz, desesperado,
Á quien horrible suerte ha condenado
10 Á perpetuo gemir: ven, pues, ¡oh rosa!
Ven á mi amante seno, en él reposa
Y ojalá de mis besos la pureza
Resucitar pudiera tu belleza.

Ven, ven, ¡oh triste rosa!
15 Si es mi suerte á la tuya semejante,
Burlemos su porfía;
Ven, todas mis caricias serán tuyas,
Y tu última fragancia será mía.

ACCROUISSSEMENTS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poésies complètes*, by Arthur Rimbaud

Bien tard, quand il se sent l'estomac écoeuré,
Le frère Milotus un oeil à la lucarne
D'où le soleil, clair comme un chaudron récuré,
Lui darde une migraine et fait son regard darne,
Déplace dans les draps son ventre de curé.

Il se démène sous sa couverture grise
Et descend ses genoux à son ventre tremblant,
Effaré comme un vieux qui mangerait sa prise,
Car il lui faut, le poing à l'anse d'un pot blanc,
À ses reins largement retrousser sa chemise!

Or, il s'est accroupi frileux, les doigts de pied
Repliés grelottant au clair soleil qui plaque
Des jaunes de brioches aux vitres de papiers,
Et le nez du bonhomme où s'allume la laque
Renifle aux rayons, tel qu'un charnel polypier.

.....

Le bonhomme mijote au feu, bras tordus, lippe
Au ventre: il sent glisser ses cuisses dans le feu
Et ses chausses roussir et s'éteindre sa pipe;
Quelque chose comme un oiseau remue un peu
À son ventre serein comme un morceau de tripe!

Autour, dort un fouillis de meubles abrutis
Dans des haillons de crasse et sur de sales ventres,
Des escabeaux, crapauds étranges, sont blottis
Aux coins noirs: des buffets ont des gueules de chantres
Qu'entr'ouvre un sommeil plein d'horribles appétits.

L'écoeurante chaleur gorge la chambre étroite,
Le cerveau du bonhomme est bourré de chiffons,
Il écoute les poils pousser dans sa peau moite
Et parfois en hoquets fort gravement bouffons
S'échappe, secouant son escabeau qui boîte...

.....

Et le soir aux rayons de lune qui lui font
Aux contours du cul des bavures de lumière,
Une ombre avec détails s'accroupit sur un fond
De neige rose ainsi qu'une rose trémière...
Fantasque, un nez poursuit Vénus au ciel profond.

IN THE HARDT WALD

Project Gutenberg's *A Sheaf of Verses*, by Marguerite Radclyffe-Hall

A road disused these many years,
O'er which the grass has grown
Between two rows of silent pines,
That stretch in straight, unbroken lines
Away to plains unknown.

Long ruts that passing wagons made
In days whose records die
Form trenches for the frailer flowers,
That timid of more open bowers
Secure in hiding lie.

And in those deep impressions there,
Where patient beasts have trod,
With stems in dainty green array,
And faces turned to meet the day,
Grow sprays of golden-rod,

'Mid sunbeams slanting thro' the wood
The ardent Afternoon

Steals like a lover fond, and dumb,
Upon his mistress Earth, o'ercome
With many a tender boon;

And that she sooner shall respond
To his awakening fires,
He summons from each fairy glade
Wee winged things, to serenade
This nymph of his desires.

So full of mystic power and life
Is this forgotten place
That I may scarcely dare intrude
My presence and my lighter mood,
Lest stepping I deface

Some masterpiece of moss or bloom,
That Dryad hands have wrought,
Perchance my very humanness
May make this potent charm the less,
That solitude has taught.

I fear to tread upon a branch,
For if beneath my feet
It breaks 'twould thus affright the bird
Whose tender music I have heard
In yonder green retreat;

And who am I that I should dare
Gainsay the Noon's behest;
Or penetrate this peaceful sphere,
And bring an agony of fear
To some dumb creature's breast?

Within this forest night and day
An endless hymn of praise
From out the heart of Nature wells,
That once again perfection dwells
In her profanèd ways,

That living green conceals the scars
Made by relentless man,
While in the deepest sylvan glades
Sound faint and far thro' emerald shades
The crystal pipes of Pan.

THE GHOSTS OF REVELLERS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Along the Shore*, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop

At purple eyes beside the grain,
Our loves on altars we had burned,
And mixed our tribute with the dew,
Our tears, when rosy dawn returned.

Our voices we had joined with song
Of bird ecstatic, light, and free;
Our laughter rollicked with the brook
Running through darkness merrily.

At purple eyes beside the rim
Of frozen lakes our loves we burned,
And slid away when stillness reigned:
Deep the vast woods our bodies urned.

In starlit night along the shade
Of our dusk tombs our spirits glide;
We hear the echoing of the wind,
We breathe the sighs we living sighed.

SONNETS X-XV

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *35 Sonnets* by Fernando Pessoa

X.

As to a child, I talked my heart asleep
With empty promise of the coming day,
And it slept rather for my words made sleep
Than from a thought of what their sense did say.
For did it care for sense, would it not wake
And question closer to the morrow's pleasure?
Would it not edge nearer my words, to take
The promise in the meting of its measure?
So, if it slept, 'twas that it cared but for
The present sleepy use of promised joy,
Thanking the fruit but for the forecome flower
Which the less active senses best enjoy.
Thus with deceit do I detain the heart
Of which deceit's self knows itself a part.

XI.

Like to a ship that storms urge on its course,
By its own trials our soul is surer made.
The very things that make the voyage worse
Do make it better; its peril is its aid.
And, as the storm drives from the storm, our heart
Within the peril disimperilled grows;
A port is near the more from port we part--
The port whereto our driven direction goes.
If we reap knowledge to cross-profit, this
From storms we learn, when the storm's height doth drive--
That the black presence of its violence is
The pushing promise of near far blue skies.
Learn we but how to have the pilot-skill,
And the storm's very might shall mate our will.

XII.

As the lone, frightened user of a night-road
Suddenly turns round, nothing to detect,
Yet on his fear's sense keepeth still the load
Of that brink-nothing he doth but suspect;
And the cold terror moves to him more near
Of something that from nothing casts a spell,
That, when he moves, to fright more is not there,
And's only visible when invisible
So I upon the world turn round in thought,
And nothing viewing do no courage take,
But my more terror, from no seen cause got,
To that felt corporate emptiness forsake,
And draw my sense of mystery's horror from
Seeing no mystery's mystery alone.

XIII.

When I should be asleep to mine own voice
In telling thee how much thy love's my dream,
I find me listening to myself, the noise
Of my words othered in my hearing them.
Yet wonder not: this is the poet's soul.
I could not tell thee well of how I love,
Loved I not less by knowing it, were all
My self my love and no thought love to prove.
What consciousness makes more by consciousness,
It makes less, for it makes it less itself,
My sense of love could not my love rich-dress
Did it not for it spend love's own love-pelf.
Poet's love's this (as in these words I prove thee):
I love my love for thee more than I love thee.

XIV.

We are born at sunset and we die ere morn,
And the whole darkness of the world we know,
How can we guess its truth, to darkness born,
The obscure consequence of absent glow?
Only the stars do teach us light. We grasp
Their scattered smallnesses with thoughts that stray,
And, though their eyes look through night's complete mask,
Yet they speak not the features of the day.
Why should these small denials of the whole
More than the black whole the pleased eyes attract?
Why what it calls «worth» does the captive soul
Add to the small and from the large detract?
So, put of light's love wishing it night's stretch,
A nightly thought of day we darkly reach.

XV.

Like a bad suitor desperate and trembling
From the mixed sense of being not loved and loving,

Who with feared longing half would know, dissembling
With what he'd wish proved what he fears soon proving,
I look with inner eyes afraid to look,
Yet perplexed into looking, at the worth
This verse may have and wonder, of my book,
To what thoughts shall't in alien hearts give birth.
But, as he who doth love, and, loving, hopes,
Yet, hoping, fears, fears to put proof to proof,
And in his mind for possible proofs gropes,
Delaying the true proof, lest the real thing scoff,
I daily live, i'th' fame I dream to see,
But by my thought of others' thought of me.

HITOMARO TO HIS MISTRESS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Japanese Literature*, by Various

Tsunu's shore, Ihámi's brine,
To all other eyes but mine
Seem, perchance, a lifeless mere,
And sands that ne'er the sailor cheer.

Ah, well-a-day! no ports we boast,
And dead the sea that bathes our coast;
But yet I trow the wingèd breeze
Sweeping at morn across our seas,

And the waves at eventide
From the depths of ocean wide,
Onward to Watadzu bear
The deep-green seaweed, rich and fair;

And like that seaweed gently swaying,
Wingèd breeze and waves obeying,
So thy heart hath swayed and bent
And crowned my love with thy content.

But, dear heart! I must away,
As fades the dew when shines the day;
Nor aught my backward looks avail,
Myriad times cast down the vale,

From each turn the winding road
Takes upward; for thy dear abode
Farther and still farther lies,

And hills on hills between us rise.

Ah! bend ye down, ye cruel peaks,
That the gate my fancy seeks,
Where sits my pensive love alone,
To mine eyes again be shown!

Hitomaro.

SONG OF THE STATUE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Rainer Maria Rilke

Who so loveth me that he
Will give his precious life for me?
I shall be set free from the stone
If some one drowns for me in the sea,
I shall have life, life of my own,--
For life I ache.

I long for the singing blood,
The stone is so still and cold.
I dream of life, life is good.
Will no one love me and be bold
And me awake?

I weep and weep alone,
Weep always for my stone.
What joy is my blood to me
If it ripens like red wine?
It cannot call back from the sea
The life that was given for mine,
Given for Love's sake.

XLVI.

Project Gutenberg's *Poems: Three Series, Complete*, by Emily Dickinson

Heart not so heavy as mine,
Wending late home,
As it passed my window
Whistled itself a tune, --

A careless snatch, a ballad,
A ditty of the street;
Yet to my irritated ear
An anodyne so sweet,

It was as if a bobolink,
Sauntering this way,
Carolled and mused and carolled,
Then bubbled slow away.

It was as if a chirping brook
Upon a toilsome way
Set bleeding feet to minuets
Without the knowing why.

To-morrow, night will come again,
Weary, perhaps, and sore.
Ah, bugle, by my window,
I pray you stroll once more!

AUTUMN WOODS

By William Cullen Bryant

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems Teachers Ask For*, by Various

Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown

The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun, that sends that gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,--
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom where many branches meet;
So grateful, when the noon of summer made
The valleys sick with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays; the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny-colored foliage, in the breeze,
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen
And glimmerings of the sun.

But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad;
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?

Ah! 'twere a lot too blessed
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the kisses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad--the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

3 VERSES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Stray Birds*, by Rabindranath Tagore

135

This rainy evening the wind is restless.
I look at the swaying branches and ponder over the greatness of
all things.

136

Storm of midnight, like a giant child awakened in the untimely
dark, has begun to play and shout.

137

Thou raisest thy waves vainly to follow thy lover. O sea, thou
lonely bride of the storm.

ON THE BANKS OF JO-YEH

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Poet Li Po*, by Arthur Waley and Bai Li

By the river-side at Jo-yeh,
 girls plucking lotus;
Laughing across the lotus-flowers,
 each whispers to a friend.
Their powdered cheeks, lit by the sun,
 are mirrored deep in the pool;
Their scented skirts, caught by the wind,
 flap high in the air.

Who are these gaily riding
 along the river-bank,
Three by three and five by five,
 glinting through the willow-boughs?
Deep the hoofs of their neighing roans
 sink into the fallen leaves;
The riders see, for a moment pause,
 and are gone with a pang at heart.

THE CHAMELEON.

By Matthew Prior

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Humourous Poetry of the English Language*

As the Chameleon who is known
To have no colors of its own:
But borrows from his neighbor's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight:
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him, and his heirs male;
So the young squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will or Tom's:
And equally, in truth is fit
To be a statesman or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down;
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad;
Admits him in among the gang:
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colors which they lend him,
Thus merely, as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues,
That road and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face:
He drinks his coffee without lace.
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the hum-drum club:
He earns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champagne among the wits!
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;

And lies with those he never saw.

THE CAP AND BELLS

Project Gutenberg's *The Wind Among the Reeds*, by William Butler Yeats

The jester walked in the garden:
The garden had fallen still;
He bade his soul rise upward
And stand on her window-sill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,
When owls began to call:
It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
Of a quiet and light footfall;

But the young queen would not listen;
She rose in her pale night gown;
She drew in the heavy casement
And pushed the latches down.

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more;
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door.

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming,
Of a flutter of flower-like hair;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air.

'I have cap and bells,' he pondered,
'I will send them to her and die;'
And when the morning whitened
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom,
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love song:
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through,
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower
And the quiet of love in her feet.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

by Ada Cambridge

The Project Gutenberg Etext of *An Anthology of Australian Verse*

To you, who look below,
Where little candles glow --
Who listen in a narrow street,
Confused with noise of passing feet --

To you 'tis wild and dark;
No light, no guide, no ark,
For travellers lost on moor and lea,
And ship-wrecked mariners at sea.

But they who stand apart,
With hushed but wakeful heart --
They hear the lulling of the gale,
And see the dawn-rise faint and pale.

A dawn whereto they grope
In trembling faith and hope,
If haply, brightening, it may cast
A gleam on path and goal at last.

THE INSATIATE LOVER

by Anonymous

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets*, by Various

Come hither my own sweet duck,
And sit upon my knee,
That thou and I may truck
For thy Commodity,
If thou wilt be my honey,
Then I will be thine own,
Thou shall not want for money

If thou wilt make it known;
With hey ho my honey,
My heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money
And amongst the jovial Crew.

I prethee leave thy scorning,
Which our true love beguiles,
Thy eyes are bright as morning,
The Sun shines in thy smiles,
Thy gesture is so prudent,
Thy language is so free,
That he is the best Student
Which can study thee;
With hey ho, _&c._

The Merchant would refuse
His Indies and his Gold
If he thy love might chuse,
And have thy love in hold:
Thy beauty yields more pleasure
Than rich men keep in store,
And he that hath such treasure [p. 107.]
Never can be poor;
With hey ho, _&c._

The Lawyer would forsake
His wit and pleading strong:
The Ruler and Judge would take
Thy part wer't right or wrong;
Should men thy beauty see
Amongst the learned throngs,
Thy very eyes would be
Too hard for all their tongues;
With hey ho, _&c._

Thy kisses to thy friend
The Surgeons skill out-strips,
For nothing can transcend
The balsome of thy Lips,
There is such vital power
Contained in thy breath,
That at the latter hour
'Twould raise a man from death;
With hey, ho, _&c._

Astronomers would not
Lye gazing in the skies
Had they thy beauty got,

No Stars shine like thine eyes:
For he that may importune
Thy love to an embrace,
Can read no better fortune
Then what is in thy face.
With hey ho, _&c._

The Souldier would throw down
His Pistols and Carbine,
And freely would be bound
To wear no arms but thine:
If thou wert but engaged
To meet him in the field,
Though never so much inraged
Thou couldest make him yield,
With hey ho, _&c._

The seamen would reject [Seaman]
To sayl upon the Sea,
And his good ship neglect
To be aboard of thee:
When thou liest on thy pillows
He surely could not fail
To make thy brest his billows,
And to hoyst up sayl;
With hey ho, _&c._

The greatest Kings alive
Would wish thou wert their own,
And every one would strive
To make thy Lap their Throne,
For thou hast all the merit
That love and liking brings;
Besides a noble spirit,
Which may conquer Kings;
With hey ho, _&c._

Were _Rosamond_ on earth
I surely would abhor her,
Though ne'r so great by birth
I should not change thee for her;
Though Kings and Queens are gallant,
And bear a royal sway,
The poor man hath his Talent,
And loves as well as they,
With hey ho, _&c._

Then prethee come and kiss me,
And say thou art mine own,

I vow I would not miss thee
Not for a Princes Throne;
Let love and I perswade thee
My gentle suit to hear:
If thou wilt be my Lady,
Then I will be thy dear;
With hey ho, _&c._

I never will deceive thee,
But ever will be true,
Till death I shall not leave thee,
Or change thee for a new;
We'll live as mild as may be,
If thou wilt but agree,
And get a pretty baby
With a face like thee,
With hey ho, _&c._

Let these perswasions move thee
Kindly to comply,
There's no man that can love thee
With so much zeal as I;
Do thou but yield me pleasure,
And take from me this pain,
I'll give thee all the Treasure
Horse and man can gain;
With hey ho, _&c._

I'll fight in forty duels
To obtain thy grace,
I'll give thee precious jewels
Shall adorn thy face;
E'r thou for want of money
Be to destruction hurl'd,
For to support my honey
I'll plunder all the world;
With hey ho, _&c._

That smile doth show consenting,
Then prethee let's be gone,
There shall be no repenting
When the deed is done;
My bloud and my affection,
My spirits strongly move,
Then let us for this action
Fly to yonder grove,
With hey ho, _&c._

Let us lye down by those bushes

That are grown so high,
Where I will hide thy blushes;
Here's no standers by
This seventh day of _July_,
Upon this bank we'll lye,
Would all were, that love truly,
As close as thou and I;
With hey ho[,] my honey,
My heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money
Amongst the jovial Crew.

LA CORBEILLE D'HÉLIOTROPES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *La Danse de Sophocle: Poemes*, by Jean Cocteau

L'indulgence est en moi. Je plains les misanthropes.
Mon cœur s'emplit d'un sombre miel.
Ma corbeille d'héliotropes
Est un brûle-parfums allumé par le ciel.

Ô miracle subtil d'un estival arôme!
Saurais-je être actif ou méchant
Lorsque vers le sublime dôme
Monte le _Te Deum_ d'un innombrable chant?

Le peuple violet bout, s'assemble, grésille,
Sous le droit soleil de midi.
Quel vêtement! Quelle résille!
Quel velours tout autour de mon corps engourdi!

Fermons les yeux; là-bas vers la pleine pelouse
Bombarde un vif géranium...
Je navigue avec La Pérouse
Sur un voilier rempli de vanille et d'opium.

Quel rêve jusqu'à l'heure où le soir va descendre
Éteignant, étouffant, noyant,
Les fleurs en feu sous une cendre
D'héliotropes frais, pâles et tournoyants.

RITRATTO.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Lirica*, by Annie Vivanti

Egli era per lo più timido e muto,
Ma pur talvolta stranamente audace;
Ora seguendo d'un'idea fugace
L'impulso, ed ora a lungo irresoluto.

La fronte di poeta, alta e pensosa,
Le labbra strette e raro il bel sorriso,
Ed i capelli bruni e smorto il viso
E bruna la pupilla luminosa.

Era capace in una volta sola
Di parlar molto senza dir niente,
E di dir molto senza far parola!

Era distratto, languido, indolente.
— Un giorno darà vita, anima e Dio
Per l'amor suo — se quell'amor son io!

SLUMBER-SONG

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Picture-Show*, by Siegfried Sassoon

Sleep; and my song shall build about your bed
A Paradise of dimness. You shall feel
The folding of tired wings; and peace will dwell
Throned in your silence: and one hour shall hold
Summer, and midnight, and immensity
Lulled to forgetfulness. For, where you dream,
The stately gloom of foliage shall embower
Your slumbering thought with tapestries of blue.
And there shall be no memory of the sky,
Nor sunlight with its cruelty of swords.
But, to your soul that sinks from deep to deep
Through drowned and glimmering colour, Time shall be
Only slow rhythmic swaying; and your breath;
And roses in the darkness; and my love.

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Description

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Description

Italiano: Annie Vivanti fotografata da Mario Nunes Vais

Date before 1932

Source Collezione del Fondo Nunes Vais: <http://www.fotografia.iccd.beniculturali.it/inventari/fondo/57>

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https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:William_Butler_Yeats_by_George_Charles_Beresford.jpg

Description

English: en:William Butler Yeats, sepia-toned platinotype

Date 15 July 1911

Source National Portrait Gallery

Author

George Charles Beresford (1864–1938) Blue pencil.svg wikidata:Q983504

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